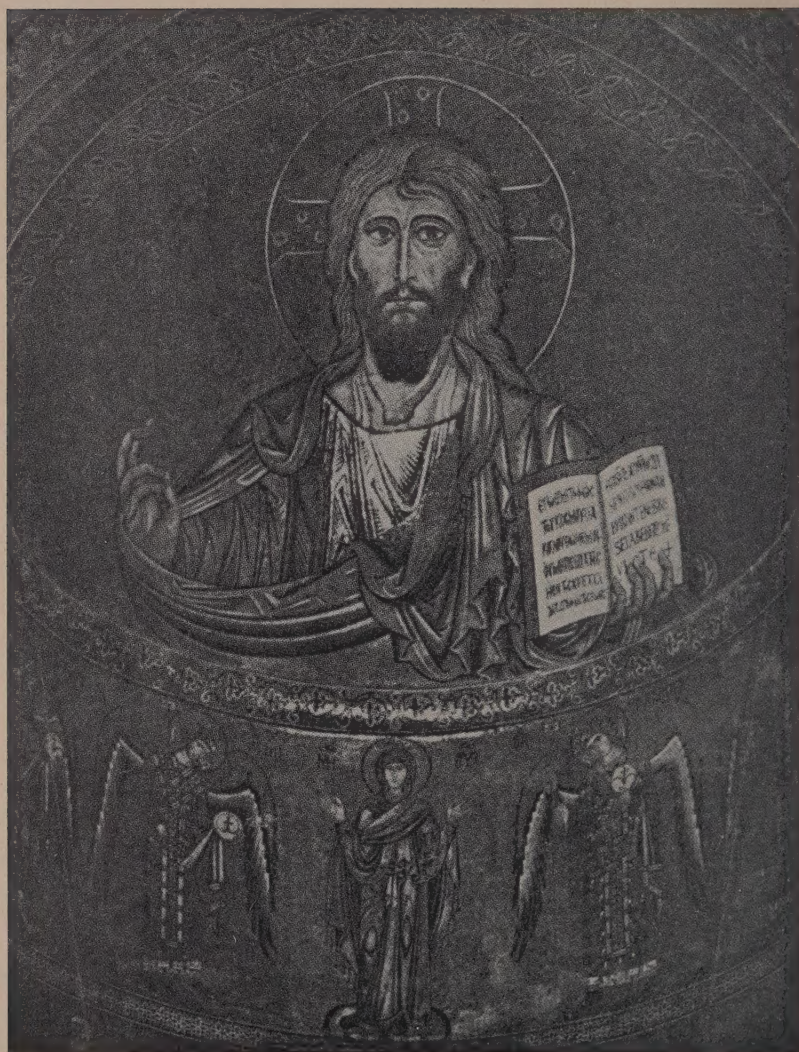


November, 1951

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Christ The Pantocrator

Cefalu Cathedral

The Holy Cross Magazine

Nov.



1951

"But For The Grace Of God"

By A. A.

TONIGHT, in some of the many of our churches which have made their facilities available for the purpose, groups of men and women, members of Alcoholics Anonymous, will be meeting. There they will seek to maintain their own God-given sobriety, and to extend a helping hand to someone who is beginning to look up from the depths and realize that no failure need ever be final.

The fact that our churches and our priests have been quick to cooperate with AA, that such bishops as the Right Reverend James P. De Wolfe, of Long Island, and such priests as Dr. Samuel Shoemaker, of Calvary Church, New York City, have taken personal interest in the work of AA, is a matter of tremendous satisfaction to those of us who are members of AA and of our Church.

It was Bishop De Wolfe who realized that additional hospital aid was needed in New York and moved at once to see that an alcoholic ward was opened at Saint John's Hospital in Brooklyn with the close cooperation of AA workers. I have never spoken with

Bishop De Wolfe that he has not keenly inquired about the progress of our work. He too, understands that the door of the Divine Physician stands always open to those with the dread disease of alcoholism, and that His Power can heal this, as it can all other troubles.

We of the Church and especially we AA's have reason, therefore, to give thanks to God for the intelligent, sympathetic understanding and help of such of His servants as this good shepherd. There are men and women who are today seeing the morning light of a new dawn because our bishops, our priests, our vestries have responded to a real need.

Our Church and our clergy have not, of course, been the only ones who have cooperated; there are many others,—other churches, American Legion Posts, civic bodies and fraternal organizations. But it is notable that, in the long and growing rosters of the meeting places of the AA groups throughout the nation, the name of an Episcopal Church or parish house occurs with gratifying regularity.

That the Order of the Holy Cross was

alert and informed in the field of alcoholism, I can say from personal experience. Long before I went into AA, I was patiently and constantly counselled and encouraged by members of the Order. I thought, once, that I had found the answer, that with faith in God and by my own efforts I had conquered. I was to find that I had not. What was lacking was the forsaking of self, and the association and work with and among others who had my own problems. I am afraid that my prayers were "gimme" prayers. Today, it is enough that I say "Thy will be done"—and ask that He give me "this day"—just this one day, never mind tomorrow—the strength to seek His all-powerful Hand in the moment of temptation. Yesterday—yes, that was bad. I can make such amends as are possible, but I do not otherwise convert myself with yesterday. As He said, it is "this day" that is important.

To the glory of God, there are now more than 120,000 of us who were in the "valley of the shadow of death" and came out to find a new life, and that, as Thomas á Kempis said, if we would but resign ourselves, forget ourselves, we would find peace. As we

forget self, we find the other fellow and his need, and in finding and helping to meet it we find safety.

Back in December, 1934, a man hospitalized for alcoholism whom doctors, friends, and himself—had been ready to call hopeless, called out in agony: "If there be a God, will He show Himself!" The result, in his own words, was "instant, electric, beyond description. The place lit up, blinding white. I knew only ecstasy and seemed on a mountaintop. A great wind blew, enveloping and permeating me. It was not of air, but of the Spirit. Blazing, came the tremendous thought, 'you are a free man!'"

Few of us get it like that—in what we call a "hot flash." Some of us have long and weary battles to fight even after we come into AA, but over fifty percent of us never touch it again. Another twenty-five percent has to "bounce" around a while, but still get it. That man did not. When his tortured cry reached up—as I know that they all do—to the compassionate ears of God, the answer came. God, in His wisdom, felt that it was time for Alcoholics Anonymous to be born.

We number young and old (and the increasing number of younger men and women coming to us who will not have to suffer years of torture, is a new and happy thing): we are carpenters and bankers, lawyers and laborers,—yes, priests and other clergy, housewives and career women. We meet in complete harmony of spirit and purpose; we are, I think, just such a crowd as might have come to Him, so long ago, with all our troubles, our ills and sins, knowing that we could but touch the hem of His garment and we would be healed.

And so, like many another AA churchman, I give thanks to God for men like James P. De Wolfe and Samuel Shoberg, maker, for so many other priests of the Church who have opened their hearts and their doors.

Reward? I think that if these good pastors and their vestries can see the new light in a man's face when he has made his first faltering steps up from the abyss, and goes confidently forward with his hand in that of the Divine Physician—that, I think, will be reward enough.



Father, How Do I Meditate?

BY LEE STEVENS, O.H.C.

FATHER, I recently took a rule of life. It demands that I give fifteen minutes every day to meditating. That fifteen minutes is a bugbear to me! Every time it rolls around I say to myself: "That AM I supposed to be doing now anyhow? I wish someone would just show me. The books all tell you WHAT meditation is. I need to know HOW YOU GO ABOUT MEDITATING!" Aren't there some A B C's, Father?"

Are you one who might have uttered this cry of distress? If so, what follows is for you. You want something simple, direct and practical. If you will bear in mind that meditating is a rather profound matter since through it we deal directly with our heavenly Father, we will try to be as simple, direct and practical as possible. This is frankly for the beginner. Our purpose is to show you how to go about making a meditation. Much that is important will have to be omitted for the sake of simplicity. And this is, of course, only one way of approaching meditation, but perhaps it will serve to get you started on the right road. In time you will advance to other ways.

In Christ God is not preached but present.

—P. T. Forsyth

We will spend no time in saying WHAT meditating is (you can get that from the books . . . we recommend Fr. Bede Frost's book, *The Art of Mental Prayer*). We will give here only a simple working definition. Here it is: *the goal of all prayer is God; meditating is one way of praying, i.e., lifting up your heart in love to God the Father*. It is vital to your spiritual life. Do not expect it to be simple and easy. It takes some beating over and some "stick-to-it-iveness" in all sound spiritual work does. Remember, you are not just going to "think about" God and speculate about Him. You are going to try to concentrate all your heart and mind

and soul upon Him . . . to stir up your WILL to conform itself to His will, and your affections to love Him! It will cost you real effort. You will need God's help.

MATERIAL

You must have something to start with, a "springboard" from which to "take off." The best material for the beginner are the Gospel stories and miracles in the life of our Lord. It is living stuff! While later on you may occasionally use with benefit a book of prepared meditations, other men's thoughts in meditation, it is better to begin in your own way. You should never come to rely on prepared meditations. God wants YOUR thoughts, YOUR affections and expressions of love and praise in your own poor little words. He wants YOU to think and pray. Take one of the Gospels. . . . St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke or St. John. It will furnish you with living material for many months. Begin with the first miracle or story. Often all you will need is a single phrase for one meditation, or a line or two. The one miracle may provide you with enough material for several days.

METHOD

You will need a method . . . a sort of framework upon which to hang your thoughts and prayers . . . something to give form and unity and direction to what you are doing. Without it, you will go wandering aimlessly off down a side path to the brook, over the bridge and into the never-never-land!

There are several old tried and true methods given and tested by the saints. As you grow in the art of meditating, you will eventually find the method best suited to your particular needs and can change it in detail to fit you. Some of the methods are complicated and have many "steps;" one or two have so many steps that the beginner usually ends up by falling over them! We are going to take the simplest method, a way of meditating composed by M. Olier and used by the Sulpician Fathers. It lends

itself to endless variations to meet the needs of different souls and the same soul at different times. It tries to help you to enter right into the spiritual reality which the Gospel stories express, and so to enter into communion with Jesus Himself, and by that communion to become like Him. Remember that this is only one of many ways, and is here chosen because of its simplicity and clarity to get you started on your way.

According to M. Olier, the basic ideas which underlie the Sulpician method are these: to look to Jesus, to be united to Jesus, to work in Jesus. The first is called Adoration; the second communion; the third co-operation. It means having Jesus before our eyes, in our hearts, and in our hands. Here is a simplified form of the Sulpician method with a few suggestions.

I. Preparation

A. The night before. Kneel in your prayer corner.

1. By way of general preparation ask: Do I love Jesus? Am I trying honestly to give myself to Him 100%?
2. Select your springboard. Use a Gospel story. Read it through slowly in the spirit of prayer. Choose a portion of it . . . one or two phrases or lines. (Do not bite off more than you need. Leave some for next time.) Hold it in your mind as you drift off to sleep.



B. At the time of meditation (*Your preparation is most important . . . the time.*)

1. As you approach the spot where you are to meditate, stop a moment and recollect yourself; seek to realize God's Presence; let it be real to you.
2. Go to the spot. Kneel. Place yourself in the Divine Presence. Acknowledge your utter unworthiness to be there.
3. Confess your inability to pray without God's help. Ask the Holy Ghost to help you. Say the perfect prayer: Our Father. . . .

II. Body of Meditation. Take your position (sitting, kneeling, or standing), and begin.

A. JESUS BEFORE MY EYES (adoration.)

Look at Jesus in one of His virtues shown in the Gospel story you have selected . . . i.e., His compassion, His purity or His humility, etc. Do not argue about the scene or try to draw out *all* its implications. Just look at Jesus and adore Him.

Your attitude: "Lord, enlighten me. Show me Thyself." Let acts of love and adoration go up to Him from your most heart as Jesus calls them forth: "Jesus, I love Thee! My Jesus, I adore Thee!"

Hold yourself in deep reverence and awe in His Holy Presence. After your heart has poured itself out in adoration and praise, remain in simple silence before Him for a bit. Then pass on to the next thought.

B. JESUS IN MY HEART (communion.)

Having adored Jesus and revered the virtue seen in Him, you now seek to draw into your own soul that virtue. Desire it with all the intensity of which you are capable.

Your attitude: "Jesus Lord, make me like unto Thyself. Come into my soul and make me penitent and loving and full of Thine own virtue. Make of me another Christ, O Lord."

Give yourself to Him. Open your heart wide to be filled and possessed by His Spirit and virtue. Remain in silence before Him; let Him fill your soul to

brim with His divine love. When you are ready, move on to the next thought.

JESUS IN MY HANDS (co-operation)
Your *will* now comes into full play. Lay your whole soul in the will of God. Desire only that His holy will shall be accomplished in and through you. Give yourself to Him in glad willingness to co-operate with the grace being received.

Your attitude: "Not my will, O Lord, but Thine be done. I give myself wholly to you to be an instrument, a co-worker. What do you want me to do?" Wait in silent love before Him with open heart.

This act is most important, most full of love. Let it issue in some *single, simple resolution* which you can perform right away. (Let it be something simple and easy to do, such as silently blessing the next person you meet; or an act of kindness.)

III. Conclusion (brief).

Offer heartfelt thanksgiving for the graces God has given you in your prayer.

1. For the joy of being in His Presence.
2. For the ability to pray.
3. For the good thoughts and acts of love, praise, sorrow for sin, etc., which you have experienced.

Ask pardon for the faults which have been yours in the meditation, i.e., your lukewarmness, negligence, distraction, restlessness, inattention, etc., if these have been wilful.

Ask God for the grace and courage to go and do His will . . . and to keep the resolution you have made. **NOW GET UP AND GO AND DO IT!**

* * *

AMPLE MEDITATION BASED ON THE SULPICIAN METHOD

PREPARATION:

The night before I kneel in my prayer corner and ask God for grace to prepare well for tomorrow's meditating. Lord, help me turn toward Thee with my whole heart, in penitence and real anticipation of tomorrow's communion with Thee. Let me be 100% your man. Open my heart wide.

I select the miracle of the raising of the

ASSOCIATES' MEETING

There will be held a meeting of Associates and friends of the Order of the Holy Cross, especially the Confraternities of the Love of God and Christian Life at St. Paul's Church, Norwalk, Conn., on Saturday evening, November 17th, and Sunday morning, the 18th. This is particularly for those resident within the Diocese of Connecticut, but others are welcome. All information is obtainable from the chairman of the committee in charge, Mr. John M. Loggie, Meeker Hill, Redding Ridge, Connecticut.

widow of Nain's son from the dead. I read it through slowly and prayerfully. St. Luke 7:11-16. My heart is impressed with that 13th verse: "And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not." There's my springboard . . . the basis for tomorrow's meditation.

Our Lord's loving compassion! As I slip into bed and drift off to sleep, that wonderful thought fills my mind.

- B. Time for my meditation. I get my Bible and go to my room where I shall not be interrupted. I close the door. I stop right there a moment and recollect myself. Dear Lord God, help me to realize Thy holy Presence. I know Thou art present here. "Lo, I am with you alway . . .," Jesus promised.

I go over to my prayer corner and kneel before the Crucifix. O Most Loving Father, I place myself in Thy divine Presence. Have mercy upon me, O Lord, and forgive my sinfulness. I am not worthy to be called Thy child, but I know Thou lovest me and hast called me here to bless me. Make me worthy, O God. Come, Holy Ghost, and kindle within my cold heart the fire of Thy divine Love. Our Father, who art in heaven. . . .

- BODY OF THE MEDITATION: (I take the chair near the Prayer corner where my eyes may often rest upon the figure of Jesus on His Cross).

- A. Before my mind's eyes comes the picture

of the little village of Nain, not very far from Capernaum. The gate opens . . . a funeral procession passes through. A bereaved mother weeping, followed by a bier bearing the body of her only son wrapped in grave clothes. Oriental music; mourners wailing. Jesus comes up the path toward the city gate. He sees the procession coming toward Him. He sees



ST. LAWRENCE AND ST. JOHN
By Defendente Ferrari
(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

the bereaved mother, knows she is mourning her beloved only son . . . the light, her light gone out. The great loving He goes out in compassion for her in her sorrow and loneliness. Compassionate He acts. Jesus stops the procession, bids He be of good cheer and stop weeping. He goes up and touches the bier. He utters the vibrant, magic words: "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise!" And the young man sits up and begins to speak. How great is the loving compassion of the Saviour toward those in sorrow and need. . . .

It reaches out toward them . . . envelops them . . . acts in their behalf. It gives life where there was death!

So Thou has done for me, Jesu! Holy Baptism Thou didst raise me from the death of sin unto new Life in Thee. Glory to God! And over and over again Thou hast restored me to Thee in the Sacrament of Forgiveness! And how many, many times hast Thou renewed Thy Life in me in Holy Communion. Praise, praise, praise the Lord, O my soul!

The power of Almighty God is flowing through Jesus. (He IS God!) See it happening outside the gates of Nain; life restored to the boy.

Jesu, Jesu, Jesu . . . let me really sense Thy loving compassion! Let me know Thy power flowing around me. Jesu, I adore Thee! I do love Thee. Help me to love Thee more and more and more. I mourn for my sin that cut me off from Thee. Have mercy, Lord, and forgive. Let me be still . . . and know that Thou art God.

(I remain in simple silence, adoring Thee, then go on.)

- B. What about my own heart? Does a little of that wonderful loving compassion live in my heart?

What is my attitude toward those in sorrow and need? My real attitude? Do I want to try to raise them from the death of sorrow, despair, frustration? Do I want to be outgoing toward them and gladly give some of my time at real sacrifice? Does my heart *really* want to go out to them?

Dear God, do I really love my neighbor?

bor? There's that second great commandment! Do I even want to try to love him? You tell me to will every man's greatest good. I do not have to "like" him; but I am supposed to want his greatest good, and to pray and work for it.

Jesu, Lord! I am so selfish. I am so self-centered. So much of the time I am bound up in my own needs, my own good, my own wants . . . and I am quite unmoved way down deep by the other fellow's needs. Please, Lord, fill my heart with Thine own loving compassion toward Thy children! Let it be a burning, consuming flame in the heart of me! Come into my heart, Lord Jesus, and push out all that self-concern. Pour Thy love into my heart until it bursts and that love spills over into the lives of those about me.

Am I surrendered to God? Do I *let* His power flow through to reach and help others? That, like Peter, at least my shadow passing by may fall upon some of them, bringing healing and blessing?

Is my heart right with *God*? Do I love Him truly?

Cf. story of Fr. Lorey at St. Andrew's School. Father was catechizing youngsters in class. Asked: "Who is Jesus?" A piping treble: "Jesus is my sweetheart!" Titters around room. Father whirled upon them. "Do *YOU* know Jesus that well? Do you know Him as someone with Whom you can fall head over heels in love?"

Do I? Is His virtue of loving compassion, which He shares with me every time I make my Communion, developing in me? If it is, it will be showing in my actions! By their fruits shall ye know them! And so. . .

What about my hands? My feet? My tongue? Are they being used in the service of my Lord?

Jesus had compassion . . . and He acted! He went up to the widow and comforted her. He touched the bier. He gave of His love to the boy . . . restored him alive to his mother. Love acts! "Love must act as fire must burn!"

If Jesus' loving compassion is in my



ST. KATHARINE OF ALEXANDRIA

By Cavallina

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

heart, I shall try to DO something to help my neighbor in his need, in his sorrow.

Jesus could have said: "Too bad! Poor woman, she has lost her only son. I wonder what she will do now" . . . and have gone about His business.

Do I stop with the sympathetic thought: "Too bad!" . . . and go on about my own affairs like the Levite and the priest? Or do I go up to the hurt one, pour oil and wine into the wounds? Do I try to raise up and heal those around me? What about John S. . . . poor guy, his clothes are patched and threadbare in spots; he seems always so alone and has that lonely look in his eyes; he seems to be begging with those eyes for a little friendliness, and I have always turned away; he comes from the wrong side of the tracks. . . . Lord, have mercy upon me! Here's my opportunity! You had this in mind when You said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Lord, I'll do something about John! Sometimes all we can do for the one in need is to pray. Well, do I pray earnestly

then? There is more potential power in one earnest, heartfelt prayer than in an atomic bomb. What a difference that knowledge should make in my poor daily intercessions for others! Jesus prayed for Peter that he should remain firm. Do I pray in the spirit of loving compassion? O Lord Jesu, make me thoughtful of others, gentle and kindly and willing to help them whenever I can as they stagger under the weight of their crosses. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ," writes St. Paul to the Galatian Church.

Jesu, Jesu, Jesu! I love You! Take my entire liberty, my memory, my understanding, my whole will. I now give it back into Your hands Who gave it in the beginning. Let me kneel with You in Gethsemane and say: Not my will but Thine be done, O Father . . . no matter what it costs me. What do You want me to do? Make it known to me in Your own time and way.

As a special act of love toward Thee, O God, I resolve now to seek out John S. whom I've been ignoring so thoughtlessly and so long. I'll ask him to go along with me this afternoon. Let him see a little of Your love in me, Lord. I know

he needs a friend. Let me learn to be open to him.

CONCLUSION:

- A. Thank you, my Lord Jesus, for the light and the blessings You have given me this prayer time: for the joy of being with You; for the grace and help and the love You have poured into my soul; for planting in my heart the thought and desire to help John S.
- B. Forgive me, Jesu, for any faults of mine that have made this prayer time something less than what You wanted it to be. I am sorry for the sinfulness of the past that has kept me now from seeing You and Your will as clearly as I might have done.
- C. And now, grant unto me, Lord, the grace and strength and courage to leave this place and go out and live and speak and act in a manner pleasing to You. Let me go to John S. right now and extend the invitation that may be the beginning of real friendship and a blessing to us both.

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

HELPS AND HINTS ON MEDITATING

1. If possible have a definite time, place and bodily position (kneeling, sitting, or standing . . . which ever suits you best) for your daily meditation. The sameness may get a little wearisome at times, but do not give in to every whim or fancy that moves you to change.
2. Warning: Get your meditation done in the morning if you possibly can. Get it a little earlier and do it if necessary. It is a fine way to begin the day. And if you leave it too long, you are more apt not to get it in.
3. Meditating is difficult often. You will be tempted to give it up. Remember how vital it is to your soul's health, and keep plugging away at it. Much of it will be plodding. Ask God's help and keep on. He will give you all the grace you need.
4. Expect to be troubled with distraction and wandering thoughts. The devil would rather have you do almost anything else than meditate. He knows that at that time you are coming very close to God, and he will tempt you in all sorts



ST. MARTIN AND THE BEGGAR
By Jacopi

of ways: with evil thoughts and desires; memories of yesterday's picnic; that job you have got to get done today, etc. Your mind will wander. That is natural. We are so made that we cannot concentrate on any one thing very long without a break. If your mind wanders, just go and get it, pick it up and bring it back to the subject. And do it gently and patiently. It happens to everyone. You will have to do it over and over again. Someone has said that if your meditation consisted of nothing but bringing a wandering mind back to the subject over and over, it could be the best meditation you had yet made. Why? Because it would be an act of sheer will toward God . . . an offering of your whole will to Him. And remember that every time you bring your wandering mind back to the subject, it is a victory for our Lord!

5. The very heart of your meditation is in your acts of love toward God in your own words: acts of adoration, thanksgiving, sorrow for sin, self-consecration, etc., which may come from your heart anywhere in the meditation. The more the better. It is your soul speaking intimately with God. Here are some examples:

Dear God, I love You. Help me to love You more.

Jesu, Lord, I adore You . . . I worship You . . . I give myself to You.

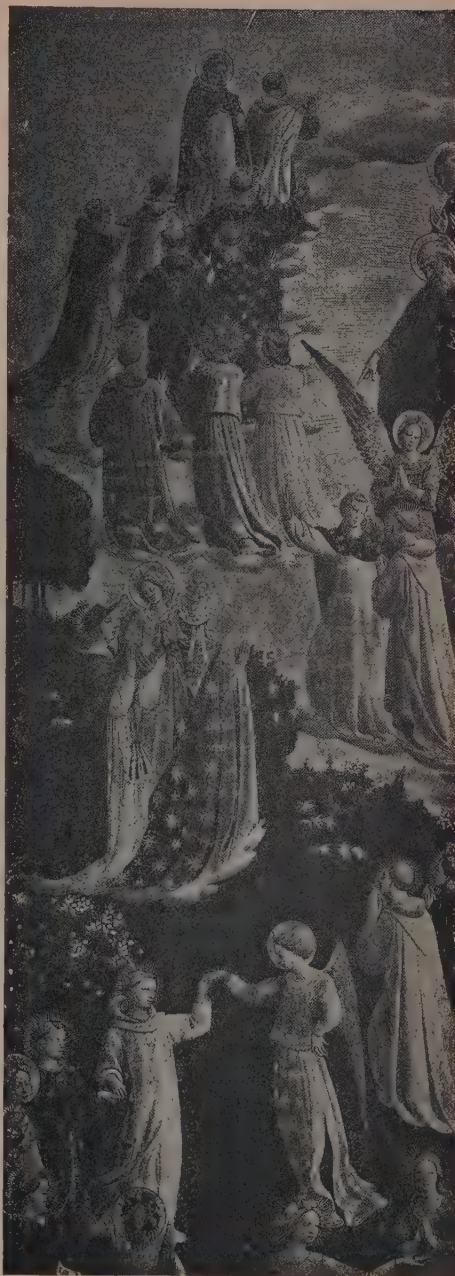
Dear God, You have been so good to me. Thank You for Your gifts.

Dear Lord, I am sorry for my sins. Please forgive me, and help me to sin no more.

Jesus, Lord, take my heart. Take my mind. Take my will. Take all that I am and have. It belongs to You.

Blessed art Thou, O God, for Thy great goodness and love.

6. Guard against the temptation to stop using your method of meditation. It may seem mechanical at times, and you will have to be patient and painstaking. Do not keep looking for some "shorter" or "easier" method. On the other hand, do not think of it as a chain upon your soul.



It is meant to help you pray. The time will come when you should advance and take up another way or method. When that times comes, talk with your Priest about it. He will help you.

7. Guard your eyes very closely. Refuse to let them wander. Either close them or let them rest upon your Crucifix.
8. Guard against kneeling vacantly and doing nothing. It adds irreverence to idleness.
9. Be patient with yourself. Remember it is a fine act of humility to endure yourself and your own imperfections patiently.
10. Expect the long, dry, arid, dusty, stony stretches. Things may seem green and fresh for a while in the beginning. God in His loving mercy grants us the sweetness and light for a time. But once our feet get set in the spiritual path and we are really getting under way, the feelings of sweetness and joy and light fade. God seems to have gone away from us. We feel utterly alone, and the way seems dull and hard. When this happens to you, God is testing you! He is giving you an opportunity to grow. Be of good cheer and keep on. He has not left you. He never really leaves you. Our Lord promised: "Lo, I am with you always. . . ." When He seems to withdraw Himself, it is only to urge you to try your spiritual muscles, to begin to walk a bit on your own. It is the way of a mother teaching her baby to take his first steps alone. She takes a step away from him and holds out her arms; he takes a step and falls into them. He learns to walk by walking. You grow spiritually by exercising your spiritual muscles. God is just around the corner waiting and longing for you to come up to Him. So keep on, no matter how hard the going gets. The moments of sweetness and light will come from time to time. They are God's special gift to you . . . usually given to encourage you and lure you on toward Himself. Do not ask for them or speak to create them within yourself. Remember that "feeling good" has little to do with real religion. Feeling good about it depends on the condition of your stomach! What God really wants of you is your WILL. He wants you to say, regardless of how you feel: "I WILL do this because God wants it! And that is encouraging, is it not? Because we can all do that."

The Abbe de Tourville gives us some excellent advice in this regard:

"We are never so near God as when we have to get on as well as we can without the consolation of feeling His presence. When He allows you to go a longer time than you feel you can bear without feeling His presence, it is because He relies on you; and if He relies on you, it is because He knows He can do so. Do not worry then about your feelings, but act as if you had those which you would like to have. This is done not by making a mental effort, not by seeking to feel what you do not feel, but by simply doing without the feelings you have not got and behaving exactly as if you had it. When you realize that lack of feeling does not hinder reality, you will no longer put your trust in your own thoughts but in that which our Lord makes you do."

11. Ask God's help, then throw your whole strength into your meditating. Make each meditation as though it were the last thing you were to do on earth. And do it to the glory of God. Do it with all that there is in you . . . but in a relaxed, gentle, patient, easy manner. And above all trust Him Who said: "My grace is sufficient for you."

* * *

SKELETON OUTLINE OF SULPICIAN METHOD

I. Preparation.

- A. Night before.
 1. Kneel. Turn soul toward God. Ask His help.
 2. Read selected Gospel story slowly. Choose your "springboard." Hold it in mind as you go to sleep.
- B. At time of meditation. (Important: take plenty of time preparing).
 1. Approach place. Stop. Recollect yourself.
 2. Go to spot. Kneel. Place self in God's Presence. Confess your sinfulness. Acknowledge unworthiness to be there.
 3. Confess need for God's help. Ask Holy Ghost to help you:

"Come, O Holy Ghost, fill the hearts of Thy faithful people, and kindle in them the fire of Thy love."

The Lord's Prayer.

. Body of Meditation. (Take position.

Relaxed, composed, but wide awake).

Jesus before my eyes. (Adoration)

The picture.

See Jesus in one of His virtues.

Watch Him as He exercises it.

Praise and adore Him.

Jesus in my heart. (Communion)

Try to draw into your heart the virtue seen in Jesus.

Give yourself to Him completely.

Open your heart: ask Him to come in.

C. Jesus in my hands. (Co-operation)

Give your whole will to God.

Desire only what He wants.

Ask what He wants you to do.

Make a simple resolution.

III. Conclusion (brief).

A. Thanksgiving.

B. Ask forgiveness for faults in your praying.

C. Ask for grace and courage to do God's will.



THE CALLING OF THE APOSTLES PETER AND ANDREW
By Duccio di Buoninsegna

(Courtesy of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.)
(Kress Collection)

Penicillin Of The Soul

BY LOREN N. GAVITT

THERE is probably nothing about the Church's ministry to souls that is more misunderstood than the Sacrament of Penance, commonly called "confession." That previous generations should have found it difficult to understand this sacrament is not strange, for the world at large did not realize the effects of past events upon the human character. Today, however, medical science has discovered how things, buried out of sight in the mind, can poison life and the techniques of psychiatry, etc., seek to cure mental disturbances by making the individual bring these hidden things to light and face them honestly.

All this is nothing new to the Church, for she has always taught that past sins, even if they have been pushed out of sight, work havoc in the character, and for centuries has provided, in this sacrament, a very practical way of facing up to sin. Here is one of the many places where modern science has finally caught up to Christian teaching and it ought to prove that God, the Author of life, has guided the Church in her ways of dealing with men. While I know no statistics, I am told that very few individuals who have honestly and faithfully used the Sacrament of Penance from childhood, ever need the services of a psychiatrist. At any rate, it seems very strange to hear anyone today express disbelief in this sacrament, when the best of modern medical science teaches the principles which lie behind it and uses practically the same technique as the Church has used in the confessional for centuries.

The whole Religious Life is to learn contrition, and every other phase of the life must be based on that which is the first lesson.

—Father Hughson, O.H.S.

But there is more to this sacrament than medical science can offer, for God has made his forgiveness of sin an essential part of the Sacrament of Penance. When an indi-

vidual is led to face up to past events in the psychiatrist's office, there is no guarantee a cure. But when one kneels in the confessional and sorrowfully owns up to his sins, one by one, God's healing grace flows upon that soul and the power of the past upon his life is weakened and broken.

There are those who will ask: How do you know that God's forgiveness comes to souls in this sacrament? Of course so vast a subject as sin and its cure cannot be covered adequately here and, like most Christian truths, this one must be accepted by faith. Yet the revelation of the fact is quite simple. The New Testament indicates that the main purpose of God the Son in coming into human nature was to remove the effects of sin from human life. Even before our Lord was born, the angel declared to Saint Joseph that Mary's Babe was to "save his people from their sins." And at the end of His life on earth, our Lord declared that His Blood was to be shed for only one purpose—"the remission of sins."

Thus it was no accident that, in empowering His Apostles to carry out His work after His death, our Lord gave them the explicit power to act as His agents in forgiving sin: "Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them." This power has continued down the ages in the Apostolic ministry and the formula by which every priest is ordained today.

This absolution from sin, which was bought by our Lord on the Cross, is applied to individual souls in the Sacrament of Penance. In the confessional the individual, having previously examined his life in the light of God's revealing commandments, owns up to his sins, one by one, and expresses his sorrow for them. Then, by means of words spoken by a priest of the Apostolic line, the healing Precious Blood of Christ is channelled into that soul. He is released from the power of the past and given new power from the Cross to go forward on a higher plane of life.

Bush Institute

By GOWAN WILLIAMS

HOME again to Bolahun! I arrived here on Thursday afternoon (December 14) just at tea time. My shirt was most in shreds and I was a sight to behold. They had a great laugh. Bolahun is still the best place in Liberia. What a joy to see the red roof of the monastery which is the best thing you can spot as you draw near to the town from Kolahun and then as you get nearer the town there is the white Church of Saint Mary's. Every time I enter the town from Kolahun way, I always feel like singing that ancient plainsong tune "Urbs iherusalem beata" (Blessed city, heavenly Jerusalem, vision dear of peace and love.) That name is the best description of Bolahun. You do not know how much Bolahun means to me until you have to be absent from it. I was gone for just one month exactly, having left on the fourteenth of November, and returned on the fourteenth of December.

My Loma patrol was uneventful as such and nothing spectacular happened. At Kpandamai some of the high school and eighth grade boys arrived just while I was there, and we went on to Zorzor on Monday. We had a big attendance at Mass on Sunday for Christians in the town. At Kpandamai they fear the power of the Christian group. They do not particularly like the idea that we have the old Ramsaur School reopened again. They know that the combination of Christian teaching both in school and church will turn the future generations away from paganism. —The Liberian Government requires regular attendance at a Teachers' Institute for the renewal of licenses. The last two weeks' session was at the Lutheran Mission at Zorzor, between four and five days' trek from Bolahun. Some of our staff conduct courses. The Mission Schools sent about twenty-four teachers and staff, plus a similar number of carriers and a half dozen older students, making a party of about fifty. For the trek, these break up into groups, so as to have sufficient huts and food in different places on the way.]

the heathen practices so prevalent in that town. But we shall hold on to the school and we will win in the end.

We spent Monday night, November 20th, in Duogomai. Graham Greene in his book *Journey Without Maps*, described this town as the "horrible village." We were received hospitably, however and I have no complaints. We have six school boys from that town in our schools, three at Vezala, and three at Kpandamai. They were all in town and gave us a royal welcome. There are some in the town who have been baptised from the Lutheran Mission at Zorzor. I preached to them in the evening on the coming feast of our Lord's Nativity. Their music and manner of praying was definitely Lutheran and not at all Anglican, but they have a zealous group of lay folk in the town. Though the head Christian was a former Lutheran evangelist who fell from grace with them when he took to himself more than one wife. He preaches in the town regularly and is witnessing in his own way to the Gospel and keeps the light burning there. One must realize that after generations of polygamy it is very hard indeed for the African to give up his many wives. They mean influence, prestige, very large farms, large families and rank him among the leaders of the community. It is definitely going to take many years to bring about a monogamous ideal, but the time will come. Yet in the face of the divorce situation in America where men know better, there is less excuse than there is for bigamy in Africa. The African knows no different and the Christian ideal is new to his way of living, but the American does know better and the judgment of eternity will be far more severe with him than it will be with these Africans who are but one generation removed from non-Christian standards. I marvel at how many of our own group of married Christian couples here at Bolahun hold fast to the Christian standard of marriage. The Christian home

life is something which takes time and patience to build up.

We left early on Tuesday morning from Duogamai, just at daybreak and walked a hard, long day to Konya, along what will eventually be the main government road, but it is a long way from completion. I was really quite worn out when we got to Konya. In fact I just lay down on the country bed in my hut and rested. Finally I got up and once I had some chop felt better. The carriers must have been tired also.

The town of Konya is to my mind what Graham Greene describes Duogamai as being—"the horrible village." They were not at all anxious to see us. It happened that at that moment they were having some sort of pagan sacrifice. For this reason they were not happy to see a Christian group arrive, nor were they disposed to feed us until I had dashed them money. I did not want the carriers to go without food after having walked so far. The town chief was a nasty individual, and in the morning I was glad to get away.

To be the object of infinite love is to be the subject of infinite development.

—*Father Huntington, O.H.C.*

It takes four or five hours' walking to reach Zorzor from Konya. We sat down in Fisibu for about an hour to rest and then moved on to Zorzor which is about an hour's walk from there.

The Lutheran Mission is situated on a hill outside the town. There is a long avenue leading up from the road to the town and it is shaded by the squat Nigerian palm trees which are very much better producers of palm kernels and not so tall. They were really ideal for an avenue. It was about a third of a mile from the mission to the town itself. Zorzor is a government seat with the Assistant District Commissioner, clan chief and a paramount chief all living here. Before we left Zorzor we realized very definitely that there were many disadvantages of living and working in a town where there were so many chiefs, for one man would pass the buck to the other and so often it was hard to get anything done. Bolahun is

indeed unique in that here the Father Primate is the final authority and the rule of the Church is the town law.

Brother Sydney arrived on Friday. Father Sadler from Woozey drove him over in the jeep. Father de Coteau came in on Saturday and we brought Sister Mary Frances in from the road between Fisibu and Konya on Sunday. We had to send some of our carriers over to get her out of that horrible spot. She had left Bolahun by way of the main road, Kolahun, Vezala, Vonjun, Duogamai, etc., on Monday and it had taken her just about a week to reach Zorzor when under normal circumstances it should have taken four days and three nights. So of the teachers did not get in until Monday.

Father de Coteau left for Monrovia on government business on Sunday the twentieth of November, so Brother Sydney and I occupied the mission house in the town.

The Institute itself, once it got under way was interesting, but not particularly evaluating. It was, of course, geared to the mind of the African. Brother Sydney taught an interesting course in elementary science about Africa which I found very helpful. Sister Mary Frances taught a course in English Grammar, Miss Emrick, from the Lutheran Mission, taught a course in reading—particularly teaching beginners how to read English and the best methods of attaining that end. Mr. Freeman, a Churchman from the Coast taught arithmetic. Two Africans from the Lutheran Mission schools taught courses in school management and hygiene.

We had a Mass each morning either in the Lutheran Church in the town or at the Mission compound in one of the class rooms. Of course the contrast of our Catholic way of life to the Lutheran Protestantism was rather marked at this point. As a result we got many "curiosity seekers" looking in on our Anglican Mass. I preached the sermon on "Education" at the request of Mr. Freeman at the Lutheran service at 10:00 a.m. on the first Sunday in Advent my text being "Go teach all nations."

Sister and I got away from Zorzor on Friday the eighth of December and came as far as Basomai that night. We had a very inhospitable reception in the town. We had

men carriers to be fed with rice and soup, and they gave two miserable small bowls and the man said that the chief would give no more. Both Sister and I asked him to do better and that he would be paid for what had been cooked. He would do nothing more and the men said that he had put a curse on the food, for what reason we have no way of knowing, except that he just was not co-operative and was vexed that we would not take what he gave. Sister in her most bristling manner picked up the chop (she did not throw it at the chief) and handed it back to him and said he could eat the food he had cursed and that if he would not be hospitable to us we would ask no more from him, and would go to the next town in the morning and get chop. We sent a man on and they fixed up chop for the men in Duogomai the next day. But by that time our men were very hungry.

We reached Kpandamai that night. The next morning was Sunday and we had a Mass with many Christians present, most of them from our travelling group. Sister then set out for Bolahun about 8:00 a. m. and reached there, so she tells me, at 7:00 p. m., walking all day long. I figure that is twenty-seven miles. Sister is a good walker—that is where her English blood and experience are

so useful. She, of course, had hammock men all the way to Zorzor, so that when she got tired they could carry her. I still have not ridden in a hammock, but will have to do so before I leave just for the experience. But unless I were sick I would hate to use my fellow men as beasts of burden.

I went on to Kpakomai Monday noon. The Devil was to visit the town that night, but I got my God Palaver in before he came out of the bush. The town devil-bush is on the opposite side of the town from our little Church of Saint Florence. At Vezala the next day I decided to stay two nights and then go on to Bolahun on Thursday morning. Taking the opportunity, I preached at Vezala, Labuba and Sanomai in the early morning on the return journey to Bolahun. I reached Bolahun about tea time (4:00 p. m.) having spent an hour and a half on business matters in Kolahun on the way through.

The Kolahun group of Christians have not been affiliated with us, but recently had an election, so I was told by our representative in the Old Town. The choice was between the Baptists and the Episcopal Church. When the vote was taken, it fell to us. They have sent to the bishop in Monrovia their decision.



BUSH TRANSIT

Out Of The Deep

The Role of Memory in the Soul's Sanctification

BY G. LACEY MAY

CATHOLICS, of whatever nationality, and however they differ on details of belief and organisation, yet accept unanimously many doctrines of the Faith.

One such doctrine affirms the great reality of the Waiting Life between death and Judgment—whether we call it Purgatory or the Intermediate State, or, possibly, Paradise. We have no reason to believe that the mere act of dying purifies the soul; and the Catholic finds it natural that the departed soul, still imperfect, should enter some intermediate state where by God's mercy it may grow into that perfect holiness "without which no man shall see the Lord" (*Hebrews XII. 14*)

How, exactly, this purification or final sanctification of the soul is accomplished we do not know. Cardinal Newman in his *Dream of Gerontius* has suggested that at death the soul of the faithful Christian, by meeting our Lord Himself face to face, enters a deeper and more purging penitence than it could know on earth. The dying Gerontius has asked that he may meet his Master; and his guardian Angel, as he bears his soul beyond the veil, answers thus—

When then—if such thy lot—thou seest
thy Judge,

The sight of Him will kindle in thy heart
All tender, gracious, reverential thoughts.
Thou wilt be sick with love, and yearn for
Him,

And feel as though thou couldest but pity
Him,

That one so sweet should e'er have placed
Himself

At disadvantage such, as to be used
So vilely by a being so vile as thee.

There is a pleading in His pensive eyes
Will pierce thee to the quick, and trouble
thee,

And thou wilt hate and loathe thyself;
for, though

Now sinless, thou wilt feel that thou has
sinned,

As never thou didst feel; and wilt desire
To sink away, and hide thee from His
sight;

And yet will have a longing aye to dwell
Within the beauty of His countenance.

And these two pains, so counter and so
keen,—

The longing for Him, when thou sees
Him not;

The shame of self at thought of seeing
Him,—

Will be thy veriest, sharpest purgatory.

It has been often said that what the true penitent remembers, God forgets. Yet the penitent, for a deeper adoration of his Lord, may choose to remember how he has failed Him in his past life.

Who can say that in this conception of sanctifying suffering there may not be an element of stern truth which at least is not wholly inconsistent with St. Paul's dictum that "to depart and be with Christ" is far better than life on earth (*Phil I. 23*)?

Is this penitence of the soul in the Waiting Life aided by its freedom from bodily temptation, as one would suppose? And by the fellowship of the faithful departed?

I shall not try to answer such questions here, but will suggest one means (among others) whereby growing holiness may be deepened when we have passed beyond the veil. May not *memory* have an immense part to play in this purifying process? St. Augustine in his *Confessions* speaks of the use which God desires to make of our gift of memory in order to draw us nearer to Himself. "I will pass beyond the power of nature rising by degrees unto Him that made me. And I come to the fields and spacious palace of my memory, where are the treasures of innumerable images."

Before considering this suggestion,

may be well to notice how deeply our Lord Himself stressed the need of exercising memory in the gradual edification of his followers in *this* life.

In planning for His Church's work, He must often have thought much upon the possibility of the Apostles proving unfaithful to His teaching. Their fidelity would clearly depend largely upon their faithfulness in remembrance—remembrance of His teaching, and of the facts of His life, Passion and Resurrection. His teaching was not thrown haphazard into their midst, but was deliberately sown in their minds, to be remembered not by them only, but by every succeeding generation. "These things," He warned them, "have I told you that, when the time shall come, ye may remember that I told you of them" (*John XVI. 4*). He further promised that the Spirit should be bestowed on them *for this very purpose* (*John IV. 26*). Furthermore, He left them not some noble building, or a book of His writing, but a sacrament of remembrance.

Glory is that in which holiness comes to expression.

—George Adam Smith

As a matter of fact, even before the gift of the Spirit, the Apostles found that in building up their own steadfastness to their Master, their recollections of His words were most potent. Even during His ministry, John saw the meaning of Christ's cleansing the Temple by their memory of a prophecy (*John II. 17*). Peter, in his hour of crisis in the High Priest's courtyard, was won to quick penitence by remembering (*Luke XXII. 61*) that the Lord had foretold his failure. The Apostles later accepted the evidence of His Resurrection the more readily because, again, they remembered His having prophesied it (*John II. 22*).

So—as the Church grew—the same appeal was constantly made to their use of memory. Peter voted for the admission of Gentiles into the Church because "he remembered the words of the Lord." "Remember," St. Paul exhorted his converts on the Miletus beach (and, indeed, how else could they be true to their newly-found religion?) "re-

member the words of the Lord Jesus (*Acts XX. 35*). May not any primitive Christian, kneeling to receive the Lord's Body and Blood, have risen in hasty consternation on suddenly remembering His injunction, "If thy brother hath aught against thee, first be reconciled to thy brother?" (*Matt. V. 24*).

Thus through all the Church's life—by its Scriptures, sacraments and preaching—she has stressed, for her members' guidance and edification, the need to *remember* faithfully.

Now let us return to the power of memory to help the soul of the faithful departed.

In the Parable of Dives and Lazarus our Lord seems to have hinted at least at this use of sanctifying memory in the Intermediate State. To Dives, pleading for the companionship of Lazarus to alleviate his sufferings in Hades, Abraham answered (and his words were our Lord's words), "Son, remember!" (*Luke XVI. 32*). Whatever comfort or aid is allowed to Lazarus will come not from the company of the Blessed Dead, but by a sterner path. He must turn to *memory*—the remembrance of life wasted and opportunities rejected.

In the Waiting Life between death and Judgment true values will be learnt by the



"REST ETERNAL GRANT UNTO THEM, O LORD"

departed soul for its purging and enlightenment. Origen declared that the fire which tries every man's work is to be found in the sinner's memory of his sins. And many of us will venture to read in our Lord's brief description of Dives in Hades something already being learnt in that direction, since he who in life had thought of nothing but self begins now, at long last, even in suffering, to think of others than self, his careless brethren.

What humbling and purifying facts memory will urge upon the awakening soul! What remembrances of daily lifelong mercies, encouragement and forgiveness! In the fuller light of the Great Beyond (when our friends will be praying for us "Let light perpetual shine upon him") little past acts, hitherto meaningless or unnoticed, will come back to us with new understanding of the Divine love. The little "accidents" or "chances" of childhood or youth, the unwelcome checks, the teachings, warnings and encouragements of our elders (resented at the time), the steps in education, the small events which led up to courtship and marriage, the happinesses of married life (or of celibacy, if that was our vocation), the love of children, the gratitude of friends; the sullennesses or disobediences of our youth, the conceit, waywardness and lack of consideration for others; the foolish ambitions, the perversions of pride; the quiet leading of the Spirit to higher perceptions, to repentance,

to growing gratitude and humility; the teaching of Mother Church; the hand of God, in spite of our heedlessness, gradually and unceasingly bringing good out of evil; the love that was showered upon us before we knew Him, or could care to love Him! All these and a thousand similar recollections will, by the Spirit's guiding in our memories, as we are able to bear them, be poured upon the soul. This will be its training for a deeper gratitude and adoration for the love which has never let us go since the hour of our creation. "Son" Abraham (and through him our Lord) will say, "Son, for thy purging and illumination, *remember!*"

Even so, we shall not limit the sanctifying work beyond the grave to our own recollections. What about the aid for our progress in that Life which can be rendered by the remembrance given us by our dear friends on earth? Prayer—so long as it is in accordance with the Will of God—knows no boundary limits.

In our upward climb (which may be difficult enough) to the Heavenly City, our friends by their Christian prayers and their offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar may be speeding our progress towards its shining pinnacles. This, indeed, is one feature of that "Communion of Saints" to which in our public worship we so often pledge our belief. In what better way than this could our friends on earth show that death has not broken their love for us?



THE ANNUNCIATION

Self-Abandonment By Retreat

BY SISTER RACHEL, O.S.H.

THE purpose of a retreat is the closer union of our wills with God's will.

That is the end we seek when we "go to retreat." Three things, in varying proportion according to the special need of each soul at the time, are involved in attaining this purpose: a break with the past, new steps ahead in our practice of the Christian life, and the deepening of our knowledge of God and of our loving response to Him. The three great fruits of a retreat, then, are abnegation, obedience and love.

The practical arrangements of a retreat are made with its purpose clearly in mind. It is important both for ourselves and for others that we give ourselves to these arrangements in a spirit of cooperation. Going to a retreat, as far as the externals are concerned is something like going to a hospital! Everything in a hospital is arranged beforehand for you, everything you are expected to do is explained and you are helped and directed to do each thing. You leave only to put yourselves in the hands of the doctors and nurses and do what is indicated, and all will go smoothly. But it doesn't work to try to resist the steady flow of a hospital routine—to decide that you'd rather finish the chapter than go up to X-ray, or get on without that blood test.

So in retreat you will find everything arranged beforehand with your comfort and convenience in mind, but with the purpose of the retreat always kept in the first place of importance. You have only to follow with docility the instructions given you. This easy obedience will help to put you in a receptive frame of mind, without which you cannot receive any fruit of the retreat.

Sometimes people wonder about the word "retreat," and our unsympathetic friends may make jokes about it. It means "withdrawal." First it means "withdrawal" from the circumstances of our everyday life, going apart from our homes and friends, our letters and newspapers, our jobs and amusements. Then it means withdrawing also, as far as we

can, from the thought of these things, except as we learn in the prayer and the silence to see them anew in God. The atmosphere of a retreat is one of silence and prayer, but not one of strain and self-conscious effort. We learn to relax, and to be contented in God's loving presence, and to let Him direct and uphold us.

Most important of all, in a retreat we withdraw from, leave behind, abandon self, as far as we can. We listen to the addresses and try to discern in them what God is saying to us through them. Whether the conductor be experienced and able, or very inexperienced, does not matter. He is God's instrument, and God will use him for each sincere retreatant, for the young beginner and for the mature and practiced. This does not mean that each word must be taken literally by each retreatant, but only that we must listen humbly and expectantly for the voice of God speaking to us through the director.

The Christian intercessory prayer knows no limitations of creed or nation.

—*Friederich Heiler*

The corporate exercises of the retreat, Mass, and the offices, are set in wide margins of silence. We can give our best to each one, penetrate more deeply into the meaning of the liturgy, and learn to worship God more whole-heartedly than ever before.

What each one does about meditation and reading is left to the individual. In our times of silent prayer God makes us see what He wants of us. We lay hold for ourselves upon the lights He has given us. It is helpful to plan out ahead how much time is to be given to meditation, when, and how the time is to be used. If God leads us to something else, something unplanned, so much the better. Follow His leading in peace.

There will be books and pamphlets available. It is generally best not to read too many different things, and to persevere with our

first choice rather than spending time sampling many different books. In choosing our reading, as in all else in the retreat, we should keep in mind the real purpose of the retreat: the closer union of our souls with God.

There is always an opportunity for each retreatant to talk with the director about his spiritual needs and problems and to make his confession. Generally the two go together. Perhaps our confession, going more deeply than usual into the real causes behind our sins, will lead to a conference about some special difficulty, besetting temptation, or chronic failure, or perhaps a conference about our personal deficiencies and bewilderments will lead us, it may be for the first time, to the confessional. There our problems are simplified; self-pity, excuses and blame for others are eliminated, and we are left with the bracing necessity of facing the fact that these things are our sins. We "are heartily sorry." We "firmly purpose amendment," and we "humbly ask pardon of God." And God cleanses us, then and there, by His precious blood, shed for us in His love, and gives us new strength—His own strength, to supplant our weakness and make us more like Himself.

At the end of the retreat we offer to God some concrete resolution summing up for us the fruit of our retreat, and embodying our desire to carry out in our daily life what we have gained in insight and in love in the silence.

Sometimes this resolution means chiefly a fight against some sinful habit, sometimes it entails the undertaking of new obligations in a rule of life, for love of God; or we may be led to accept a special vocation of some kind. Finally, our resolution may express our desire to respond more lovingly to God's love for us. Whatever it is, it means one thing: our intention to abandon self and to give ourselves to God, according to His will for us.

Father de Caussade says that God makes His will known to us in three ways: through the "duties of our state," through special inspirations or leadings, and through the events of our life as they present themselves to us, moment by moment. In our retreat we may

expect to find a deeper knowledge of what the duties of our state really are—our duties as wives or husbands, as teachers or nurses or students or labourers, or whatever we are, our duties as Catholics, our duties as citizens, our duties as members of a particular parish. We can *nail* this with our resolution.

We may also be given some special leading, about our vocation, our prayer, or some special opportunity for sacrifice or discipline. In the matter of these "inspirations" or special leadings of God, it is important to think of God as He really is—a most loving and merciful Master, and not an exacting one, squeezing the last drop of devotion out of us. Our offering to God must be made in peace and contentment, not in reluctance or fear. It is also important to submit to special calls to the judgment of someone besides ourselves. It is all too easy to deceive ourselves in such matters, and our willingness to submit to the judgment of others guards us from the pitfall of self-will. Ministers called to the priesthood must be accepted by their Bishop; doctors must be tested by the medical faculty, and so forth. Our special calls, if they are of any magnitude, should be tested by someone who represents the Christian fellowship. Often our parish priest or our director is the one best qualified to help us in this way.

We may begin in retreat to learn more about God's dealing with us—the wonderful truth that all that happens to us, moment by moment, comes from God, and gives God. This is true whether we know it or not, accept it or not. What a joy it is to learn to recognize Him in all the events, pleasant and unpleasant, of our lives! We know that nothing happens to us without His will. Our sufferings and temptations are carefully measured out to our weakness, and our joys and duties sent us in exact proportion to our need and capacities. If outward events hinder Him faith, discerns Him, and love welcomes Him.

In retreat this simple truth may become more real and significant for us, and perhaps our resolution will in some way make the practice of finding God in each event of the day a permanent and habitual part of our spiritual life.

Mary's Interests

By THEODORE YARDLEY

ON the fifteenth of August a woman in Wisconsin made the news by seeing and talking with the Blessed Virgin Mary in a field near her farm home. Whether or not it was what the theologians call a "miraculous" vision—an actual appearance—is not yet been determined by the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church, but it is far from the attitude of the local diocese that they believe it was simply a case of a mind ranged by world events or troubles in the woman's personal life.

Several years ago a child up in the Bronx section of New York City told his neighbors that a mysterious "lady" had appeared to him several times in a vacant lot, accompanied by a white light and the odor of roses. There were crowds and publicity similar to the Wisconsin affair, followed by thorough and scientific investigation by church specialists. The final pronouncement was, as I remember, that the boy had seen the movie on the life of St. Bernadette Lourdes, and had an over-active imagination.

Thinking on these things moves one to wonder just what the Blessed Virgin *would* say if she were to make an appearance in the world today. We believe that Mary *is* in Heaven, beside her Son, as we hope some day to be, with All Saints. If so, what are her interests? What does she intercede for with her Divine Son? And as she is the Pattern Saint, what do All Saints pray for here in Heaven? And what would Mary talk about if she appeared to you or me at our prayers.

It is not silly and childish to guess at the answer, for we have a document given us in Scripture which lists her interests. The Prayer Book calls it *Magnificat*, or the Song of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and Scripture tells us Our Lady sang or spoke it when she knew she was to bear the Saviour of the world. Look carefully at Mary's words about God and His people:
My soul doth magnify the Lord . . .

His mercy is on them that fear Him
throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm;
He hath scattered the proud in the
imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their
seat, and hath exalted the humble and
meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things,
and the rich he hath sent empty away."

Radical, isn't it! So, when you hear of people who believe they have talked with her, apply the test of her own words, revealed to us in the Sacred Scriptures. Does she speak to these visionaries of God scattering those who trust in themselves—right in the midst of the foolishness of their own imagined strength? Don't worry about the odor of roses. Ask instead whether she has spoken of the overthrow of those who hold earthly power for their own advantage. Ask whether she has spoken of the hungry and homeless. Ask whether she has condemned those who love riches—*among the clergy* as well as the laity! Ask whether Mary has spoken of the great issues of our time; of the slave-servants of the Red anti-Christ; of the selfish, sensual, materially-minded men and women in so-called "Christian" countries.

Because these things *are* Mary's interests. It is for these things that she and All Saints pray in Heaven. If we will be the children of Mary, we will pray for them and work for them, too.



ORDER OF SAINT HELENA LONG RETREAT

Every summer, as our Rule prescribes, we spend ten days in our long community retreat. They are ten wonderful, quiet days, when everyone has one principle job only—to seek God. All the arrangements of each day have as their purpose the fostering of this aim of the retreat.

This year our retreat was held in Versailles, because the house at Helmetta is not big enough for us all. Extra choir stalls were produced for the school chapel where most of the exercises were held, and the choir was further extended by the addition of prayer desks and chairs. Next came a procession of Matins books, graduals, Kyrials, and the lectern, from the convent chapel. A great deal of labour during the long retreat went into carrying objects from the convent to the school chapel for the offices, etc., and into carrying food from the school kitchen to the convent refectory for eating purposes.

Four Sisters were quartered at school in the "Reservation" over the gymnasium. More carrying was done by the Vestiarian,

who had to supply the "Reservation" well as the convent dwellers with bed linen and clothing. It gave her a fine opportunity to exercise our chaplain's dog, left behind in our care while his master took a holiday.

Retreat silence is a blessed thing. After the first few days it seems as natural as the third dimension, extending as it does continuously. Of course there were some singing machines on the second floor at school audible in chapel; our Southern Railroad sent its freight trains clanging and hooting by the convent windows once or twice a day, and one day our poor retreat conductor thought to give a note to the sister-in-charge so he set the doorbell pealing loudly and persistently, defying the sign which politely requested visitors to call at the school house because the sisters were in retreat. But one was down on the Cantrix' list under the title "portress"—you don't need a portress in retreat, and far be it from anyone who isn't portress to answer the door, especially in retreat, so no one stirred. In desperation the father went into the sacristy, fished a bit of cardboard from the wastebasket, wrote a note on, and left it hopefully on the newel post in the hall.

Newspapers are not read in retreat—instead, they pile up, all ten days' worth, on the kitchen shelf—and the headlines the day after the retreat were strangely like those of the day before it began. Letters are given out only once a day, after None, and ordinarily have to wait for an answer after the retreat is over. Spiritual reading, including the Holy Scriptures, ascetic theology, and the lives of the saints, is done as usual. Some sat on the warping boards of the back porch to read, some on the iron chairs in the lawns where the chiggers joined them, some stayed indoors in cell or library, and the novice used the old garage-novitiate with its small windows propped open precariously with sticks.

For exercise there was carrying, already mentioned; also weeding the forest of foot-and-a-half high walnut trees, and picking grapes. Housework went on as usual: dishwashing, cleaning, washing, ironing, mending. The librarian numbered books, the Cantrix corrected music, the Infirmaria



gled menus for the half-sick and carried trays for the sick (there were a few casuals, including poison ivy, but that didn't need a tray—only scratching and patience.)

Every day after Terce and again in the evening we had our retreat addresses, stirring us up to a fuller realization of the greatness of our vocation. The Rule requires that a total of three hours a day be given to meditation in retreat. Of course there was the regular round of choir offices, Mass, intercessions, etc., as usual.

And all the time, permeating the exercises, the real business of the retreat goes on—the constant seeking after God, lifting one's heart to Him in the quietness, letting the lessons He conveys through the addresses, the prayer, the reading, sink deeply into our hearts and minds, and His strengthening grace lift our wills more and more into conformity with His will. This year the catchword of the retreat was "with Jesus." Going out and coming in, working, resting, praying, it was "with Jesus."

Our confessions and the annual "review of conscience" were made during the first few days, and that business of cleansing the heart, the silence deepened again, until the close of the retreat on the eleventh day, with Mass and the renewal of vows. As the Mother Superior held the host and chalice before our eyes, the professed repeated together the corporate renewal: "I hereby renew the threefold vow of poverty, chastity and obedience, according to the rule of our Order, steadfastly purposing to keep and



observe the same unto my life's end. . . ."

Then each one, offering to God some particular resolution, a fruit of the retreat, received Him again in Holy Communion.

So the retreat ended and the ordinary life and work of the Order began again—"with Jesus."

Mount Calvary Revisited

By W. E. HARRIS, O.H.C.

WITHIN ten days after being assigned to the Western House I was headed West again. After stopping off overnight at Tucson, Arizona, to see Father Phillips, one of our oldest Oblates, I journeyed on to Los Angeles. The train had readily lost time coming through Kansas on account of the damage done by the recent floods, so that instead of arriving in Los Angeles at 11:30 p. m., Friday, the train did not get in until four o'clock, Saturday morning which gave me plenty of time to be ready for the "Morning Daylight" train

which left for Santa Barbara at 8:15 a. m.

Father Tiedemann was at the station to meet me with a hearty greeting of "Welcome home." It was indeed a home coming. There are many roads leading up the mountain trail, but one may go steadily up the right road to Mount Calvary guided by the large signs posted at strategic points posted by the city officials of Santa Barbara. First one comes to a fortress-like wall and signs directing traffic with the hours when visitors may come.

The large area allotted to the service entrance (which is really a court-yard) has been levelled off and a layer of crushed stone

spread over, giving an austere monastic entrance to the monastery. The monastery cells have been finished and calcimined; floors and passage ways cemented and varnished so that it is no longer necessary to carry and leave cement tracks around.

The library is one of the finest rooms at Mount Calvary, with its highly polished floor, high-backed, leather-seated Spanish chairs, books on many subjects lining the walls. But there is still to be seen partly va-

cant shelves crying out for books to fill their empty spaces. The most notable object in the library is the "golden" altar dedicated to Saint Gabriel, reaching to the top of the ceiling. Sitting at the refectory table which is on a line with the library one has a feeling of being on sacred ground as the superb altar is seen in the distance. Through the north doorway of the library one sees the incomparable scene of the patio, the exquisite flowers, the monumental black wrought-iron



Mount Calvary Monastery
Saint Gabriel's Altar
(George F. Weld, Santa Barbara, California)

cross with the symbols of the Passion on all sides, the orange and lime trees (which are now bearing fruit) shrubbery and flowers, the guest wing with stone steps leading up to the roof on either end, festooned with a provision of vines and flowers, and the mountains, brown and rugged outlined against the blue sky, rising to a height of four thousand feet. Visitors are enthralled at the magnificent sight and feeling that some expression of emotion should be made, utter exclamations of delight and then fall silent as they feel the overpowering presence of God in the beauty and magnificence of His creation.

The guest wing has now been finished and as twelve cubicles, the vacant spaces have been furnished with paintings, chairs and tables. The great common room with its large fireplace, polished floor and comfortable chairs furnishes an ideal place for relaxation.

All the work of the monastery and grounds has been completed except the south-west corner. The finishing and furnishing of the monastery has been rapid—three years—a quick growth compared with the slow progress of many years of the old Spanish Missions established in California during the eighteenth century. God has greatly blessed this venture of faith in raising up generous friends who have provided money, furniture and material. Now members of the Community can devote themselves more freely and completely to the work God would have us do.

Faith—an act which is the negation of all activity, a moment of passivity in which the strength for action comes, because in it God acts.

—C. H. Dodd

Intercessions

Please join us in praying for:—

Father Superior attending the Pre-Advent Conference of the Oblates of Mount Calvary, Saint Luke's Chapel, Hudson Street, New York City, November 27.

Father Kroll returning from his visitation at Mount Calvary Monastery, Santa Barbara; attending the Pre-Advent Conference



of the Oblates of Mount Calvary, November 27.

Father Harrison conducting a mission at Holy Trinity Church, Hicksville, New York, November 11-18.

Father Hawkins holding an acolytes' conference at the Church of the Cross, Ticonderoga, New York, November 10-11.

Father Parker conducting a mission at the Church of the Resurrection, Richmond Hills, New York, December 2-9.

Father Gunn preaching a Eucharistic Mission at Saint John's Church, Shenandoah, Iowa, December 2-9.

Father Terry conducting a mission at Calvary Church, Syracuse, New York, November 4-11; assisting Father Parker with the mission at Richmond Hills.

Father Gill assisting Father Terry with the mission at Calvary Church.

Notes

Father Superior preached at: the Church of the Good Shepherd, Rosemont, Pennsylvania; Saint Clement's Church, Philadelphia; and Saint Luke's Church, Germantown, Pennsylvania; conducted a retreat at the House of the Redeemer, New York City; conducted a retreat for the Community of the Transfiguration, at their convent, Glendale, Ohio.

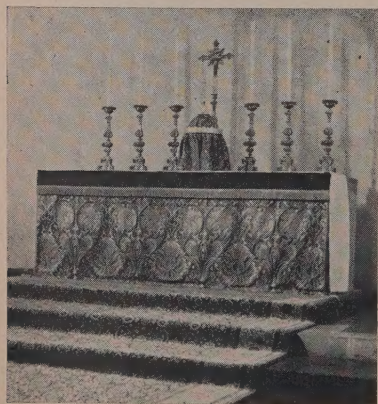
Father Kroll conducted the annual visitation for the Father Superior at Mount Calvary Monastery, Santa Barbara, California; preached at the Church of the Advent of Christ the King, San Francisco, California.

Father Packard conducted a retreat at the House of the Redeemer, New York City; conducted a retreat at Holy Cross Monastery.

Father Harrison gave talks on the Liberian Mission and showed slides at Saint Bartholomew's Church, and Saint Luke's Chapel, Hudson Street, New York City.

Father Hawkins gave a talk on the work of the Liberian Mission at Christ Church, Hudson, New York.

Father Parker conducted missions at



HOLY CROSS HIGH ALTAR



ST. DOMINIC

Christ Church, Chippewa Falls; Ascension, Hayward; Saint Alban's, Superior; retreat at Grace Church, Menomonie; all in Wisconsin.

Brother Herbert gave a talk on the work of the Liberian Mission at Saint Peter's Church, Auburn, New York.

Father Adams gave a school of prayer at Saint Joseph's Church, Queens Village, New York; acted as chaplain at Sing-Sing Prison in the absence of Father Parker.

Father Gunn conducted a retreat at Saint Mary's Convent, Peekskill, New York.

Father Stevens conducted a mission at the Church of the Holy Cross, Dallas; held a children's mission; and held conferences at Daniel Baker College, Brownwood, Texas.

Father Terry preached and conducted a quiet day at Christ Church, West Haven, Connecticut; and had conferences at Saint Stephen's Church, Carmel, Pennsylvania.

Father Gill conducted a children's mission at Saint Joseph's Church, Queens Village, New York.

An Ordo of Worship and Intercession Nov. - Dec. 1951

- Friday* G Mass of Sunday col 2) of the Saints *ad lib*—for *alcoholics*
- St Hugh of Lincoln BC Double W gl col 2) St Gregory Thaumaturgus BC—for *the Seminarists Associate*
- 26th Sunday after Trinity (2nd before Advent) Semidouble G At Mass cols and lessons of Epiphany vi other propers of Trinity xxiv gl col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib* cr pref of Trinity—*thanksgiving for blessings received*
- St Elizabeth of Hungary W Double W gl—for *the Order of Saint Helena*
- Tuesday* G Mass of Sunday col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—for *Christian scholars*
- Presentation BVM Gr Double W gl cr pref BMV—for *the Community of Saint Mary*
- St Cecilia VM Double R gl at Masses or Thanksgiving W gl cr—for *Church choirs*
- St Clement BM Double R gl—for *the Oblates of Mount Calvary*
- St John of the Cross CD Double D gl cr—for *religious vocations*
- Sunday Next Before Advent Semidouble G gl col 2) St Katharine VM cr pref of Trinity—for *a just distribution of wealth*
- Monday* G Mass of Sunday col 2) of the Saints 3) for the faithful departed 4) *ad lib*—for *vestrymen*
- Tuesday* G Mass of Sunday col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—for *deacons*
- Wednesday* G Mass as on November 27—for *the Servants of Christ the King*
- Vigil of St Andrew V col 2) of St Mary 3) for the Church or Bishop—for *the persecuted*
- St Andrew Ap Double II Cl R gl cr pref of Apostles—for *the Saint Andrew's School*
- December 1 *Of St Mary* Simple W gl 2) of the Holy Spirit 3) for the Church or Bishop pref BVM (Veneration)—for *Christian reunion*
- 2 *First Sunday in Advent* Semidouble V col 2) of St Mary 3) for the Church or Bishop cr pref of Trinity —for *the awakening of the careless and worldly*
- 4 *St Francis Xavier* C Double W gl col 2) Advent i—for *the missions of the Church*
- Tuesday* V Mass of Advent i col 2) St Barbara VM 3) of St Mary Gradual without Alleluia on ferias in Advent—for *the faithful departed*
- Wednesday* V Mass of Advent i col 2) St Sabas 3) of St Mary—for *the Priests Associate*
- 6 *St Nicholas* BC Double W gl col 2) Advent i—for *all children*
- 7 *St Ambrose* BCD Double W gl col 2) Advent i cr—for *the Bishops of the Church*
- 8 *Conception BVM* Double II Cl W gl col 2) Advent i cr pref BVM—for *family life in America*
- 9 *2nd Sunday in Advent* Semidouble V col 2) Advent i 3) of St Mary cr pref of Trinity—for *the peace of the world*
- 10 *Monday* V Mass of Advent ii col 2) Advent i 3) for the faithful departed 4) of St Mary—for *the Liberian Mission*
- Tuesday* V Mass of Advent ii col 2) Advent i 3) of St Mary—for *the Confraternity of the Christian Life*
- 12 *Wednesday* V Mass as on December 11—for *chaplains in the Armed Services*
- St Lucy VM Double R gl col 2) Advent i—for *the Confraternity of the Love of God*
- Friday* V Mass as on December 11—for *religious education*
- 14 *Saturday* V Mass of St Mary W gl col 2) Advent i 3) of the Holy Spirit pref BVM (Veneration)—for *Mount Calvary Monastery*
- 15 *3rd Sunday in Advent* Semidouble V col 2) Advent i 3) of St. Mary cr pref of Trinity—for *ordination candidates*

..... Press Notes

PASSION PLAY—"The Crucifixion", a Miniature Passion Play, written by the Rev'd Arthur M. Gard, and first presented in his parish, is now made available to the general public. Fr. Gard points out that the play is written expressly for the smaller church with the attendant limitations, but it does not preclude the presentation by the large church for it is adapted for both situations. The play is copyrighted and inquiries for copies should be made directly to Fr. Gard, 636 Short St., Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin.

OUR FATHER—This is the title of a small booklet containing brief meditations on the Lord's Prayer; each one written by a bishop of the Church, with a Foreword by our Primate. It is edited by John Henry Eyedeler and published by Oxford University Press, 114 Fifth Ave., New York City. The petition, "Our Father" was assigned to the Bishop of Long Island. The bishop of South Dakota writes on the "Amen", and in between we have the bishops of Rhode Island, Chicago, Massachusetts, Spokane, Kentucky, Olympia, Texas, Michigan, Alabama, Tennessee, Minnesota, Kansas, Milwaukee and Arizona. Please address your orders to the Religious Department at Oxford.

ANGLO-FRANCISCAN KALENDAR—From the Grace Dieu Press, Mt. Sinai, L. I., N. Y., comes a very attractive pocket-size Kalendar for 1952 which sells at 15c per copy; eight for \$1. plus a few cents for postage. Order direct from Grace Dieu Press. Splendid for enclosing in your letters to friends who should find them useful.

SPIRITUAL LETTERS—We are so sorry not to be able to announce publication of the book for Fr. Hughson's letters. It was hoped the book might be ready for Christmas, but we are now "shooting" at mid-Lent, or later.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS—Now is the time to order books and HOLY CROSS MAGAZINE subscriptions for Christmas. The Press business is usually quite heavy during the latter part of December, and of course we do enjoy that last-minute rush. Thursday, December 20th, will be the last full working day for our staff. As far as we can determine from the present mail delivery schedule, orders received later than December 15th, could possibly reach the customer in time for Christmas giving.

POSTAGE RATES—The new and increased Rate on Parcel Post is already in effect and the Rate on Magazines will, over a period of time, be increased by about 30%. This will work a real hardship on small publishers, and as the HOLY CROSS MAGAZINE is already published at a loss, it does seem that we will have to increase the subscription price. However, no definite action has been taken, and through December 1951, at least the Rate remains the same.

MEDITATION—Too much cannot be written on this important practice which is so necessary to growth in the spiritual life. We have "Ways of Meditation" and "Method of Meditation", and now we are publishing "Father, How Do I Meditate?" and we think it is just about perfect in answering the question "how". Read it in this issue. It will be published as a Tract later.